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COLLEGE VERSES.

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P R E F A C E.

THE accompanying collection has been made, primarily, to save from the oblivion of files of college journals the best of our undergraduate poetry; and secondarily, to place before the public a testimony to the grade of our literary work. These poems were for the most part collected from the several college papers; a few were printed in the "Californian," and one in "Scribner's." None date farther back than 1872, and the great bulk come within the period—less than nine years—since the entrance of the class of '78.

We believe that the collection here made will compare favorably with any made during an equal number of consecutive years at any college. When we add that the total number of students in college during this period has not exceeded twelve hundred (some

twenty per cent. being ladies), and that by very slightly lowering the standard of selection the number of poems might have been increased by about one hundred, a truer idea will be given of the literary activity there has been among us.

The selection among poems prior to the entrance of '83 has been made by a member of the senior class; and among poems of later date by several persons of authority in and out of the college, who have also revised and approved the whole selection. A little effort, but only a little, has been made to distribute representation among classes and individuals. Translations have been discriminated against almost to exclusion. It should be explained that some of these poems have appeared in print after the graduation of the author, but were written before graduation.

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, BERKELEY,

November, 1882.



CONTENTS.

ERRATA.

For Marcia S. Day, pp. vi, vii, 69, 82, *read* Martha S. Day.
For Chas. H. Shinn, '77, p. 24, *read* Chas. H. Shinn, '74.

PHILHELLENE		
MILTON	Chas. S. Greene.	14
GEORGE ELIOT	Edmund C. Sanford.	15
THROUGH ROSE OF DAWN	Seddie E. Anderson.	16
O PATIENT, NOBLE HEART	Alice E. Pratt.	17
A LOST GUIDE	Edmund C. Sanford.	18
NO MYSTERY	Benj. P. Wall.	19
A DREAM	Milicent Washburn Shinn.	20
NIRVANA	Chas. S. Greene.	21
THE TWO REFLECTIONS	Alice E. Pratt.	22
"MEROPE MORTALI NUPSIT"	Edmund C. Sanford.	23
SONNET	Charles H. Shinn.	24
NOVEMBER	"O."	25
SONNET	F. L. Foster.	26

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
YOU SAY THAT IN THOSE DISTANT LANDS,	
<i>Mary R. Stearns.</i>	9

SONNETS.

PHILHELLENE	<i>Herman Dwinelle.</i>	13
MILTON	<i>Chas. S. Greene.</i>	14
GEORGE ELIOT	<i>Edmund C. Sanford.</i>	15
THROUGH ROSE OF DAWN	<i>Seddie E. Anderson.</i>	16
O PATIENT, NOBLE HEART	<i>Alice E. Pratt.</i>	17
A LOST GUIDE	<i>Edmund C. Sanford.</i>	18
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NIRVANA	<i>Chas. S. Greene.</i>	21
THE TWO REFLECTIONS	<i>Alice E. Pratt.</i>	22
"MEROPE MORTALI NUPSIT"	<i>Edmund C. Sanford.</i>	23
SONNET	<i>Charles H. Shinn.</i>	24
NOVEMBER	<i>"O."</i>	25
SONNET	<i>F. L. Foster.</i>	26

MISCELLANEOUS.

HOPE	<i>Annie H. Shinn.</i>	29
THE FATHERLAND	<i>Seddie E. Anderson.</i>	31
TO SCIENTISTS	<i>John Taylor.</i>	34
FEAR AND FAITH	<i>Rhoda L. Tucker.</i>	35
THE NEW AND THE OLD	<i>Charles H. Shinn.</i>	40
SUNSET AFTER THE RAIN	<i>Seddie E. Anderson.</i>	42
MOUNTAIN REST	<i>Lucy Mooar.</i>	45
CEINAN, THE DAUGHTER OF CEINWAWR	<i>Benj. P. Wall.</i>	46
THE REAL AND THE IDEAL	<i>Mary R. Stearns.</i>	50
THE ROYAL WINE	<i>Alice E. Pratt.</i>	52
A LAMENT	<i>A. P. Niles.</i>	54
ICHABOD	<i>Milicent Washburn Shinn.</i>	55
THE PATRICIAN'S DAUGHTER	<i>Clara Bartling.</i>	57
RENAISSANCE	<i>Jane Barry.</i>	62
BESIDE THE CAMP-FIRE	<i>J. C. Shinn.</i>	64
BERKELEY FOG	<i>Seddie E. Anderson.</i>	67
"I WILL LIFT UP MINE EYES UNTO THE HILLS,"		
	<i>Marcia S. Day.</i>	69
THE MASTER	<i>Annie H. Shinn.</i>	70

IN LYRIC MOOD.

AT SUNSET	<i>Jane Barry.</i>	75
SUMMER NIGHT	<i>Milicent Washburn Shinn.</i>	76
JOAQUIN MILLER	<i>Roscoe Havens.</i>	77

DESPONDENCY	<i>Musidore Rowntree.</i>	78
CHANGE	"Gath."	80
LIGHT AND SHADE	<i>Marcia S. Day.</i>	82
NIGHT	<i>D. S. Richardson.</i>	83
WIND AND WAVE	<i>Seddie E. Anderson.</i>	84
DIE STERNLEIN	<i>Milicent Washburn Shinn.</i>	85
GRATITUDE		86
AFTER SUNSET	<i>Musidore Rowntree.</i>	87
PROVEN	<i>Lulu Mcclberry.</i>	89
DREAMS AND REALITY	<i>F. W. Henshaw.</i>	91
THE BLUE-BELL	<i>Clara Bartling.</i>	93
A CYCLE	<i>Milicent Washburn Shinn.</i>	94
ENTER JUNE	<i>F. W. Henshaw.</i>	96
SEA-BIRD	<i>Jane Barry.</i>	98
OFF SHORE	<i>Musidore Rowntree.</i>	100
MORO ROCK	<i>Charles H. Shinn.</i>	105
THE PEASANT CHILDREN	<i>Clara Bartling.</i>	106
THE DARK HOUR	<i>Herman Dwinelle.</i>	108
THE WURLINGEN CHAPEL	<i>Jane Barry.</i>	110
A FLOWER IN A LETTER	<i>Milicent Washburn Shinn.</i>	112



COLLEGE VERSES.

YOU SAY THAT IN THOSE DISTANT
LANDS.

You say that in those distant lands
Where every height is "old in story,"
Crowned with some legend wild and quaint
Of lover's grief or conqueror's glory,

No fairer scene has charmed your gaze,
In all your wanderings to and fro,
Than that which meets your eyes to-day,
Here where our western breezes blow:

Not that famed bay whose waves reflect
The azure of Italian skies
Breaks brighter on the traveler's view
Than that which now before us lies:

No fairer hills at morning gleam
Through floating veils of sunlit mist

Or rise against the evening sky—
Walls of transparent amethyst.

But yet the scene, you say, is cold:
No ruined wall or moldering tower
Speaks to the present of the past,
And tells of vanished light or power ;

No poet, artist, hero, sage,
Has lived or taught these hills among;
No canvas holds their changing tints;
No matchless verse their charms has sung.

But know that of the wondrous past,
Which, from the old world's ruined towers
Breathes tidings of such import deep,
The richest, truest part is ours.

And while the fires of memory glow
On every dim, historic slope,
Be kindled on our western hills
The steadfast beacon-lights of hope !

Mary R. Stearns, '76.

SONNETS.



SONNETS.

PHILHELLENE.

WHEN those hard-handed Argonauts of old,
In their well-built galley, hero-manned,
Floated on spring floods from the hill-crowned land
To river's mouth and launched into the cold
Damp airs of ocean; silent all did hold
Their oars, looking to seaward; and did stand
Lifting their glad brown faces to be fanned
By the sea wind. Then their sails fold by fold
They loosed, and lay and breathed the salty breeze.
So when down song's tumultuous flood I sped,
By fairy realms, and holds of sovereign might,
And hoisted sail in old King Homer's seas,
I felt the foam-chilled breeze about my head:
I breathed and breathe it still with deep delight.

Herman Dwinelle, '78.

MILTON.

UPON my book-case shelf I see with shame
Thy poems stand, their pages long unread,
And think how oft my midnight lamp has shed
Its light on work of far less worthy claim.
For thou art like an eagle—on the same
Exalted air thy mighty wings are spread,
And thou dost turn upon the fountain-head
Of day thy steady gaze. My grosser frame
With effort rises to that lofty air,
The sun is blinding to my weaker sight,
And soon I sink to lower regions, where
I find a denser air, a softer light:
A thousand simple pleasures charm me there,
And common griefs my sympathy invite.

Chas. S. Greene, '80.

GEORGE ELIOT.

WE thought the sweep of poppies on the hills,
The blackbird's whistle and the lark's rich notes,
The waves that whiten in the tall wild oats,
The wind that in the laurels wakes and stills
A voice of music, and the ceaseless trills
Of mountain streams—all these we thought were
coats

And vestments of the real;—that yet some notes
We might discover of the truth that fills
All space. Vain hope! For we can never know
The truth: through a mysterious world we go.
Yet we take courage when thou sayest, "Yes,
'Tis dark, but there is light for him that tries
To live in other's good; that crucifies
Himself to help men on toward perfectness."

Edmund C. Sanford, '83.

THROUGH ROSE OF DAWN.

THROUGH rose of dawn, and sunset's radiant dyes,
Through golden harvest, dewy joy of spring,
Through all the beautiful that poets sing,
She walked with heavy feet and down-cast eyes:
To Nature's smiles she rendered naught but sighs.
While age made drearier yet each earthly thing,
Till Death bent o'er her with his shadowy wing,
And in his cold arms bore her to the skies.
And thus she left the world; but looking back
She asked, as through the stars they took their way,
"What star, O angel, with the silver track
Shines yonder, loveliest of the whole array?"
"What! know you not the place you thought so dread?
That shining planet is the Earth!" Death said.

Seddie E. Anderson, '78.

O PATIENT, NOBLE HEART.

O PATIENT, noble heart that long hast sought
To lead the erring world to see the right;
To point some waiting soul to where the light
Breaks through the darkness—sorrowful and fraught
With bitter care and never-ending pain
Must be the life that seeks to bless mankind;
For men will scoff and turn away, or, blind,
Unheeding pass the outstretched hand that fain
Would clasp their own and help them on their way.
Yet, dear heart, faint not: for, amid the throng
Of eager souls, or sad, that hastes along,
A few, if only for a moment, stay,
Touch the extended hand, and evermore
Possess a love and peace they lacked before.

Alice E. Pratt, '81.



A LOST GUIDE.

YEA, fool! Didst ever fill thy days with strife
For something better than thy meat and drink?
Then art thou more a fool than I did think:
No more thy prophet speaks the words of life!
Forget the aspirations that were rife
Within thy foolish heart; cower and shrink
To littleness; go worship money's chink:
No more thy prophet speaks the words of life!
Yet hast thou heard that dear voice speak to thee:
The fool thou wast, again thou canst not be,
But half revived must feel the living death
Of what thou mightst have been pierce like a knife,
Must seek a good that ever vanisheth.
No more thy prophet speaks the words of life!

Edmund C. Sanford, '83.

NO MYSTERY.

TO —.

Alas! my eyes for thee grow sparkling bright
As sudden sunshine on a waste of sea;
Thy voice, though softly sweet it is, to me
Makes deeper music than the waves at night;
And thy sweet smile is fairer to my sight
Than twilight's wondrous tones of violet.

But mystic meaning never yet was set
In runes like these. The old gods pass away,
The new are men, and thought will win the day.
And I may never to thy standard get,
But still thou art, I am, and love thee yet.

Benj. P. Wall, '76.

A DREAM.

IF I shall find myself, long after death,
In some vast darkness walking all alone,
And strain my every sense and hold my breath,
Because each step before me is unknown ;
If, all around, the darkness blank and still
Hangs heavily and thick with shapeless dread,
And I go ever on without my will,
Yet dare not stop nor even turn my head,
But tremble, sick with terror, lest I may
At any instant cower to feel the clutch
Of something that has followed all the way—
If then thy sudden hand my shoulder touch,
I shall not shudder. Longed-for touch and dear,
How should I fail to know thee even here?

Milicent Washburn Shinn, '79.

NIRVANA.

I STAND before thy giant form, Ranier,
That rises wrapped in robe of dazzling snow,
And wonder what has made thee tower so,
Calm, cold, and changeless in the sunlight clear.
The answer comes: Volcanic rocks have here
For ages burned, upcast with fiercest glow
In fiery torrents from the hell below.
Thus did this mighty pyramid uprear
Its matchless form, till now it stands alone,
Above the storms that vex the lower skies,
While radiant whiteness clothes the rugged stone.
O soul, cast out the hell that in thee lies
Of passions and desires that make thee moan,
And, clad in white, thou too shalt grandly rise.

Chas. S. Greene, '80.

THE TWO REFLECTIONS.

ONE day I paused before the college door
To see the fairy landscape mirrored there.
Instead of floor and wall and winding stair
The broad, fresh slopes of green lay spread before
My eyes; and far off shone the azure bay,
Beyond which Tamalpais arose on high,
And gray between the blue of sea and sky,
The distant Farallones like shadows lay.
But soft blue skies and sunny sweep of green
Grew dim, then faded quite, for in their place
Behold! the image of my form and face,
That, rising there, had blurred the whole sweet scene.
Ah me! what beauty we might ever know
If self, intruding, did not blind us so!

Alice E. Pratt, '81.

"MEROPE MORTALI NUPSIT."

WITH what a loving tenderness the night
 Infolds the tired world. The fitful breeze
 Goes singing lullabies among the trees,
And all the sky is netted with the light
Of golden stars. Amid the clusters bright
 I see my stately sister Pleiades:

 They float forever bathed in heavenly ease,
Unmoved by love, or fear, or death, or sight
Of suffering men that turn their eager eyes
 Toward heights still unattainable—of wrong
Triumphant over right, or sacred lies.
And yet I pity all the gods above:

 For who in all that selfish, soulless throng
Can know the mystery of life and love?

Edmund C. Sanford, '83.

SONNET.

THE gray clouds weighted all the weary air,
And slowly fell the faltering drops of rain,
Till the low crying of a secret pain
Grew wilder than my lonely heart could bear;
And with weird fancies driven everywhere,
I wandered on a lone and dreary plain,
Where every sight was but a closer chain,
And the dead hopes of buried time seemed there.
Lo ! a clear voice outsprung, whose ripples made
All visible dumb things completely free !
Music, as when the Grecian Master played
To the stilled pulses of a reverent sea !—
For upward, through the thorny drift there strayed
A glad lark's crystal, sky-born melody.

Charles H. Shinn, '77.

NOVEMBER.

It chanced me once that many weary weeks
I walked to daily work across a plain
Far-stretching, barren since the April rain;
And now, in gravelly beds of vanished creeks,
November walked dry-shod. On every side
Round the horizon hung a murky cloud—
No hills, no waters; and above that shroud
A wan sky rested, shadowless and wide.
Until one night came down the earliest rain;
And in the morning, lo! in fair array,
Blue ranges, crowned with snowy summits, lay
All round about the fair, transfigured plain.
Oh, would that such a rain might melt away
In tears the cloud that chokes my heart with pain!

Milicent Washburn Shinn, '79.

SONNET.

LONE Spirit of the Autumn! I have viewed
Thy strange face where the weary waters gleam
And marked thy image in the silent stream
That wanders sadly in its solitude.
And oft within the dreary stretch of wood,
Where each bare limb glows 'neath the sun's bright
beam,
Unseen, I've heard thee chant thy awful theme
Of death; then, silent, o'er the tree-tops brood.
O'er glistening stubble and through quiet vale,
Where earth lies sadly dreaming of decay,
Borne on the drooping winds thy dying wail
Is feebly echoed by the listless day;
Till fierce December o'er the months prevail—
Then on the sweeping blast thy soul doth pass away.

F. L. Foster, '76.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

HOPE.

WITH leaden hearts we bowed and said
The bitter, last farewell;
For blessed Hope, we wept, is dead—
How blessed, who shall tell?

We laid her in the hollow ground,
And turned our heavy feet
From that unshaded, barren mound,
Our desolate lives to meet.

When suddenly, the pathway by,
An unknown form doth rise:
Awe-struck we gaze and trembling cry,
“Lo, Hope’s eternal eyes!”

So we beside the grave did stand
That held her other form,

And felt again her kindly hand,
So brave and strong and warm.

And though she outwardly is strange
Hope walks beside us still,
And yet supports at every change
The ever-faltering will.

To-day I sought the place again,
But though for many years
All grass and flowers that grave has lain,
It moves me still to tears.

Annie H. Shinn, '78.

THE FATHERLAND.

(From the German of Grün.)

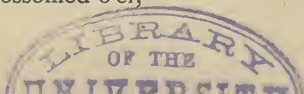
WITH canvas spread, we hovered through
The green wave of the sea;
A band of happy people,
Light-hearted, careless, free;

A people that the breezes seem
Together to have sown,
To part again upon the morn,
Swift from each other blown.

There was a man from bonny France,
From the beautiful Rhone-strand;
Fair fields of gold, and vineyards,
He called his native land.

The far-off rock-walls of the North,
Another one claimed these—
The Scandinavian glaciers,
The shining crystal seas.

And stood the cradle of a third,
With laurels blossomed o'er,



Where, beacon-like, Vesuvius
Gleams ever from the shore.

For Germany's fair mountain-peaks,
Her oaks in forests wide,
The Danube's dewy meadows,
My heart with longing sighed.

"Long live the native country!
Come all, with glass in hand!
Some may not have a sweet-heart,
But all a native land."

Then each man drained his beaker,
With eager, glowing face,
Save one, who stared in silence,
Out on the sea's broad space.

It was a man from Venice,
Who stood and sighed alone,
"My fatherland, my country,
Thou art but water and stone!

"Once shone the sun of freedom there;
Once lived the stone and spoke,
And there, like Memnon's statue,
Morn's ruddy silence broke.

“Then rocked the glowing waters,
With purple ringed the world,
And glorious shining rainbows
To heaven’s pavilion hurled.

“Bright sunshine of my native clime,
Say wherefore hast thou gone?
Why art thou, O my country,
But water now and stone?”

Then grew he silent, gazing down,
Upon the stranger sea,
And, undisturbed, the sparkling glass
Within his hand held he.

Then, as for a dead-offering,
He pours it in the main;
Like shining tear-drops, in the deep
Descends the golden rain.

Seddie E. Anderson, '78.

TO SCIENTISTS.

FOR him who in the cause of science seeks
The cold gray cliffs and lone aspiring peaks,
Or dies amid the shades of tropic clime,
Let poets sing, and shape the measured rhyme.

Nor be forgot the watchful eye that gropes
From star to star in azure field, and opes
Unbounded tracts—the comet's lonely home,
And where the fierce red meteors roam.

Along the pathway dim of trodden time,
Behold him fall in wild and icy clime;
A lofty light is his amid each star
That guides the stranger on to lands afar.

And not alone he seeks the polar shores
For richer truths: among us here explores
Each varied realm of thought his gifted mind,
And leaves a wiser, richer world behind.

For him be woven the laurel wreath; his brow
The fragrant leaves become. Behold, e'en now,
He leads the nations on from cause to cause,
Unrobes each cosmic sphere and grasps its laws.

John Taylor, '76.

FEAR AND FAITH.

ONCE at night-time, when the stars were shining,
Stood a poet, thinking of men's story,
All their mingled years of pain and pleasure;
All the wrongs their hands have wrought unwitting;
All their stumbling feet, for lack of wisdom;
All the blind and tangled maze of footsteps.

And he cried, "O let me see the future—
Let us not go forth in utter darkness;
Spirit of the world, O show us plainly
Where the pathway leads and what the ending."

Then it seemed that to his eager praying
Suddenly and softly stood beside him
One of most majestic mien, and answered:
"Come! for I will show thee all the future."
Then he gravely took his hand and led him
On a pathway up a mystic mountain.
Eagerly he followed through the midnight,
Till they neared, at last, a craggy summit;
Dark and gray and silent was the summit,
But behind it seemed to grow a splendor,

As if far below, beyond the ridges,
Some unearthly dawn were glimmering awful.

Still they mounted; still the awful glimmer
Grew, and lit the hoary frost about them,
Till they almost trod the mountain's summit.
Then the poet's heart stood still and faltered;
By his side the silent spirit waited,
And the grave and pitying voice was speaking:
"Canst thou bear it? Canst thou bear the vision?"
Then his heart beat, echoing the question:
"Can I bear to see the fate of others?
There is one I know; what if I see him
Losing faith in God and human nature,
All belittled with the cares of living?
And another; what if I should see him
Warped from all his boyish truth and honor—
And another, shrunken-souled and sordid;
This one stricken down in noonday vigor;
That one living on, but stumbling, falling,
Reeling in the mire, despairing, cursing—
Can I bear to see these dreams of morning
- Shattered into haggard fear and evil?"

Then he put his hand, all cold and trembling,
In the strong hand of the kindly spirit,

And the strong hand led him gently downward
To the fair, still plain beneath the starlight.

Then he wished he had not been so craven,
Turned too late and cried, his heart accusing,
“Why should I have feared that dawn-lit vision?
Surely all the glimmering light was lovely;
Would that I had dared and seen the vision,
Then I might have told men what I saw there—
Those fair years their merry hopes have promised;
Him I feared for in my coward fancy
Walking on in ever-growing graces;
‘This one’s boyish vigor ripe in manhood;
That one striking sturdy blows for honor;
Many a knightly aim and deed heroic,
Many a life fulfilled in joy and honor,
Had I only dared to see the vision!’”

Was it ours—the doubting poet’s story?
Have we also feared to face the future?
How the time has aged us of a sudden!
But a while ago and we were children,
Looking forward eagerly and gayly,
Glad of each to-day, but still impatient
For the golden dawn-glow of to-morrow.
Only yesterday it seems we had it—

Who has stolen away our eager childhood?
What sad spirits roaming discontented,
Stole our happy hearts while we were sleeping;
Spied and snatched them, leaving in their places
These so grim and sad with their forebodings?

So I saw once in a lake reflected
Heaven's serenest face; but on a sudden
Fell a chilly gust of wind and broke it,
Ruffled it till it was dark and leaden;
And the birds that circled o'er its smiling
Fled away and feared its scowling forehead.
So I saw once in a sunny garden,
Where the bees were busy, and the roses
Made the warm air rich with Orient spices,
When a sudden mist all in a moment
Swept with chill and shadowy wings across it;
All the roses paled, their thin leaves shivered,
And the darkened air was salt and bitter.
Little knew the lake how soon the evening
Still and fair would fill its heart with starlight;
Little knew the garden how the morning
Soon was coming in its golden glory.

Let us woo again that better courage!
'Tis no angel that has whispered doubting,

Whispered cold distrust and grim suspicion
'Tis the tempting of our craven weakness,
And his voice of whom our Shakspeare warned us :
"He is very potent with such spirits."

It is ours to make that unknown future,
Ours to make it brighter and more splendid
Than the fairest dream of all the dreamers ;
Ours to see the vision and fulfill it,
Fairer than we dream of, fairer even
Than the shining eyes of hope can see it.

Rhoda L. Tucker, '79.

THE NEW AND THE OLD.

Lo! The old faiths are almost dead,
And the old streams are running dry;
They wore their banks too sharp and deep,
And widened not—so let them die!

Yea, the old guiding stars swing slow
But they move surely, and the new
Shoulders them forth, to lift his shield,
Pearl-pallid, in the waiting blue.

And the broad years bring strength and sight;
For the dead past we have no blame,
We add no curse to carven stones,
We give the Old all it may claim.

But for the New!—Vast empires stretch
Their white shores shipless; never keel
Troubles the rest of their still seas,
Their forests hear no stroke of steel.

Yet the woods wait in yearnings low,
With a sweet dream of temples hewn

From their own hearts of faith, and reared
The keen hill's age-waiting throne!

There the sun flames on crystal peaks
That smite the blue dome almost through,
There the sweet vales of summer rest
And the wide land is lone and new:

Here the worn, grainless fields lament,
"No more brown toilers come to reap."
Our tall ships pant and strain; we sail
With glad hearts towards the soundless deep:

Till our pale watchers cry, "Land, ho!"
The low seas blossom into white;
And a great land, with awe-lit crags,
And palm-trees under, lifts in sight!

The Old fades in a wordless past
By the gray sea's oblivion bound;
But the New, thrilled with promise, stands
In the near silence, halo-crowned!

Charles H. Shinn, '74.

SUNSET AFTER THE RAIN.

THE rain is over, and in the west
The rose melts into the blue;
A bird just now from her little nest
With a rippling warble flew,
And, poising a moment on yonder spray,
Shook down with the motion light
Drops with a diamond and opal play
That sparkling passed from sight

At the roots of the oak the chick-weed grows,
Lifting its small, round face,
With a sturdy pride and a look that shows
Its home is a pleasant place.
Fairy ferns of delicate green
From their mossy beds look up,
And the brown wake-robin peeps out between
With silver wine in its cup.

Wild rose blossoms perfume the air,
Sorrow has made them sweet,
But the brooklet murmurs rebellious where
So late it was wont to greet

Drooping grass and bending flowers,
With a sweep of silvery song,
With a tinkling babble for hours and hours,
That was innocent of wrong.

Now with its blue, the emblem of truth,
Turned to a treacherous gray,
It murmurs but discords because, forsooth,
Trouble has come its way.
A breeze that is scarcely more than a breath
Is ruffling the distant bay.
Earth and heaven seem waiting the death
Of the beautiful, willful day.

Stormy and wayward, but dying now,
Passion all laid aside,
Like the quiet ending of some wild song,
Like the ebbing of the tide,
See how she slips from our sight away!
She has almost gone from gaze.
Hush! the rosy mantle has faded to gray;
She has reached the land of days.

A ship, white-pinioned, sails into the west;
Like the ghost of the day it seems.
And a mournful silence falls on the rest,
Till the north wind breaks its dreams.

Sunset after the Rain.

And black clouds cover the sea like palls,
Shadows creep over the vale,
And through the earth, as the darkness falls,
The breezes a requiem wail.

Seddie E. Anderson, '78.

MOUNTAIN REST.

'Tis said

The lofty mountain crest across the bay,
To which we give the name of Tamalpais,
Reveals within its long and gentle line
A giant form, at rest against the sky.
Pleasant 'twould be against the sky to rest ;
'Tis there, we say, God hath his home, in whom
Rest doth forever dwell, and there abide
Those mountain souls whose peace is found in Him ;
Around their heads at times the winds may blow,
And clouds may darkly move, but strong they lean
Against the sky in sunshine or in storm,
And find repose. Then say not it were sweet,
O weary soul, but rest thou too, and know
How peaceful life may be, calm and serene,
A mountain's rest against a quiet sky.

Lucy Moorar, '80.

CEINAN, THE DAUGHTER OF CEINWAWR.

Brave Ceinwawr built himself a castle strong
Amid the hills, above a valley deep ;
And there the sun the soonest touched the earth,
And latest left it for his night of sleep.

And here his daughter Ceinan grew apace,
A maid as fair as e'er of mortal birth,
And Lily of the Angels she was called ;
Her beauty's fame reached over all the earth.

Each made a concept of her beauty fair,
And none had seen her save in his own thought ;
And some would have her white as driven snow,
And some as like the foam-crest on the wave,
And some like glistening lime on whitened wall
By roses curtained, blending red and white.
And some would have her lips bright red as dawn
Soft melting in the summer morning light.
Her hair to one was like the sunbeams bright,
And to another like the ripened grain,
And to a third it seemed of spun-out gold.
And this one said her blue eyes brighter were

Than brightest star when clear the north wind blows;
Another that they seemed like sapphire stones,
When sunlight sparkles joyously on them.
Then when they came to where fair Ceinan dwelt,
Each one must think her wanting in that part
In which he thought she formerly excelled.
And so, to suit the varied tastes of each,
They dusted white her face to make her seem
More fair; they painted red her cheeks, so that
The ruddy glow might catch the eye; and with
Vermilion did they dye her lips, and black
They penciled lines above her eyes. They made
Her dresses short—she was too tall; they put
High coils upon her head—she was too short.
So after all, when each had wrought his will,
'Twas only ugliness that met the sight;
And no one sought to gaze upon her face,
And if, perchance—he quickly closed his eyes.

Now lonely passed the time to Ceinan pure,
And deeply pondered she the reason why
She who had always happy been was now
Deserted by the world and left alone.
She picked a glass from off the window ledge,
She looked therein and said, "This is not I;
There is some charm about the thing; I will
Me to the spring and it will tell me true."

And on its surface calm, lone Ceinan gazed,
And there she saw the ugly thing she was.
And she was nigh to wishing she were dead—
When she remembered her old nurse's tale:
That she who washed herself within the spring
When shadows fell to neither west nor east
Would have her wrongs and fears removed from her.
And kneeling down upon the edge of green
That circled in the waters clear, she dipped
Her hands into the limpid stillness deep;
And like some sea-shell beautifully rare,
Or like a little cloud all rosy red
When in the ether tremblingly it hangs,
They seeméd there. And quickly now she dashed
With these fair hands the water o'er her face;
She took the coils from off her head, and let
Her own bright hair hang down its waving length.
The waters danced awhile, and when at rest
And bright the surface was again, once more
She looked into the spring and there she saw
Her wonted beauty now come back again.

And now she waks along the banquet hall,
And with a willowy grace and kindly smile
She meets them all, and all the people say,
“Our Lily of the Angels has returned.”

And even those who hid her beauty fair
Beneath their glaring paint and powders white
Are loud in praises of her loveliness.
But as to all the folly they have done,
Not one acknowledges that he is wrong
Or will confess his fault. It is the wise
Alone who seek to make amends for ill.

And so it is with truth. All love it well,
And would respect it but that each must make
To mar it as his inclination tells.
And then it soon takes on an evil shape,
A lie it is and hateful to the sight.
But truth is ever anxious for the sun;
It will, despite of every cloak thrown 'round,
Cast off the thing, and at the end stand forth
In all its old-time loveliness to view.
And it may well be said of men who act
In ways like these, that they would be the last
That would confess that theirs was any guilt,
Or that in all their actions error was.

Benj. P. Wall, '76.

THE REAL AND THE IDEAL.

THEY told me she was beautiful:
I painted on the air
The image of a stately blonde
With rippling auburn hair.

They spoke of her as charming:
And I fancied I should find
Simplicity and dignity
Delightfully combined

'Twas in a crowded concert hall,
One evening, first we met;
That night's impressions were so keen
I seem to feel them yet.

Before us stood a singer fained
From Sweden's distant strand,
And sang us ballads sweet and weird,
Songs of her native land,

Until we seemed to hear the wind
Breathe through the fir-trees high,

And caught the moan of sobbing waves
And the wild sea-bird's cry.

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The last rich note had died away
With cadence soft and low ;
Reluctantly, with lingering feet,
I turned at length to go.

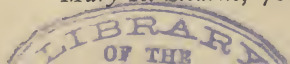
When by my side I heard a friend
To some one near him say :
“ Miss Brown, pray let me introduce
The Reverend Mr. Gray.”

I turned, the lady, smiling, bowed,
Then slowly raised her head ;
And, leaving not a wrack behind,
My fair ideal fled.

A little black-haired, dark-eyed maid
Coquettishly attired,
Whose very ribbons seemed to urge
Her claims to be admired,

Played with a costly ring, which bore
A very quaint device,
Then raised her large, dark eyes, and said,
“ *O, isn't Nilsson nice !* ”

Mary R. Stearns, '76.



THE ROYAL WINE.

THE year was one of plenty. Every field
Had borne its fullest store of golden grain;
And merry, frolic-loving girls and boys,
That, every harvest, plucked the rosy fruits,
Or skillfully, with one well-rounded arm,
Poised on their heads the baskets full of grapes,
This year had double time of merriment.

A little valley, high among the hills,
Whose sunny slopes were darkened here and there
By thrifty vineyards in well-ordered rows,
Afar and near was famed for goodly wines.
Yet one there was that far surpassed the rest,
Sparkling and sweet and clear as drink of gods,
The secret of whose making no man knew
Except one aged vintner.

Now, although
Never before was known such luscious yield
Of purple grapes untouched by frost or rain,
This year men sought in vain the royal wine;
And all who questioned, wondering, received
The single answer, "Nay, the wine you ask

I cannot make," and wondered yet the more;
Till one fair youth besought the aged man:
"Pray tell us, father, why you cannot press
In such a bounteous year the choicest wine?"
Then answer came, "Except the purpling grape
Be touched with chilling dews and autumn frost,
The purest, goodliest wine of all must fail."

O Heart, count not too high thy summer days:
The royal wine comes only after frost!

Alice E. Pratt, '81.

A LAMENT.

SONGS, they float in the poet's heart,
Songs in many keys.
Bright as the light in the eastern sky
When the brooding daylight flees.

Songs of love and songs of wine,
Songs of peace and war,
Of the whispering wind in the sunny vale,
Of the storm and gale afar.

They mingle and range with endless change
Before his raptured gaze;
But all that his groveling pen can give
Is a soulless paraphrase.

A. P. Niles, '82.

ICHABOD.

ONCE to their earthly ways an angel came,
And opened in their sight the gates of pearl.
O, happy they, that for a moment then
God's glory fell upon their lifted brows!
Happy of all the earth that even once,
And for one moment, they should catch the peace
Of angel-smiles dropped down the heavenly light
Transfiguring earth, and all earth's well-known scenes.
Blest above others, yea, through all the years,
That could not rob them of that moment's sight.

But when the gates were shut, the glory gone,
And earth and tree again but rock and wood,
All glory seemed departed from the earth.
What was there in the sky but empty blue?
What on the sea but waves and empty sound?
And what but emptiness in all earth's paths?

The people who had never been so blessed,
The happy people, passed them to and fro
About their labor, cheered at every step
By dusky blue of distant pine-clad hills,

Or hidden tinkle of some wayside stream.
But they to whom the gates were opened walked
With downcast eyes, and wept within their hearts;
“O, what to us are sweetest streams of earth
Who hear no more the streams of Paradise?
What are earth’s hills to us, who shall behold
No more the everlasting hills of God?
The glory is departed from our lives.”

But when one said, “If we had never known
That moment’s vision—since for aye with it
The glory is departed from our lives—
Were it not better?” they all cried, “No, no,
For all our lives were empty but for that.”

Milicent Washburn Shinn. '79.

THE PATRICIAN'S DAUGHTER.

O, WHAT is Rome to me? Must I forever
Sit listening to the tramp of human feet
That pass and pass, the while a laughter smites
The pavement—silly, senseless mirth?
My soul is sick of city sounds. O, let me flee
To where the piny north-lands lie in shade
Of mountain forests, and the rivers run,
Watering the grassy meadows, toward the sea!
O, hateful is to me the formless heaven
That holds the senseless glare of noonday sun
Above this Rome! O, hateful is to me
The very wind, that, hiding all the long forenoon
Within the vineyards, now comes, like a Greek,
Stealthily gliding down the length of Rome!
The very air would stifle me, as did
The heat my tiny flower upon the steps.
This sullen, slow existence, measured off
By games, by dances, festivals, and feasts—
I shrink from it abhorrent! for in me,
Perchance, is something of my father's fire,
His warrior-spirit, that has made my life,
My petty, worthless life, intolerable.

O, when a triumph passes, then my heart
Beats wildly! Then the Roman blood
Mounts up into my face, and stings my brow,
And throbs upon my temples at the thought
Of great and glorious deeds! The while I stand
To watch the warriors pass, a fierce desire
To be heroic comes upon me. But I turn,
A moment after, in a woman's way,
Within the house, to pretty duties there,
To spin, and sew, and dress becomingly!

I long for power, for knowledge, for a soul
Strong in itself, and large enough to grasp
The mysteries of life. The livelong day
I thirst for wisdom, and the livelong night
I toss impatient, praying of the gods
To tell me what our life is, or to say
Of what avail it is to live at all.
'Twere sacrilege to say they do not know,
But who can stop the thought? Sometimes I think
I would not even fear the mighty gods,
So bold I grow in my desire to find
The deeper meaning in the things I see.
For not a statue guards the corridors,
Or bends above a fountain, but I feel
Mysterious pity dropping from her eyes

Upon me; and I never see the crowds
Go by with mocking laughter, and the jests
They find so pleasing to them, but I see
A sadness in the statue's carven mouth,
A scorn of shallow hearts upon her brow.
Never a dewy morn, but with it comes
A sadness from the curve of kneeling hills.
And when the moonlight makes the city pale
And weird, behold in every sound
An echo of some world beyond our own.
And when the long hours of the afternoon
Hold just enough of silence to be sweet,
And just enough of sound to let me hear
The city noises as a far-off wind,
That swells, and dies, and bears with it
A dreamy memory of some far-off world
I used to live in;—then I long to flee,
No matter where, if only unto me
Will come the answer to this mystery.

O, but our life is full of every joy!—
The feasts, and baths, the dances and the games.
These keep our wise attention, till we grow
Dizzy with all the whirling, and the sound
Of crazy music, played by stupid slaves;
Till we are blind with heat, and glare, and noise.

O, sweet is life! Should not I be content?
For have I not the jewels that would make
The Thracian girls go mad for jealousy?
If ever I am silent, bring to me
Another bracelet—it will soothe my soul!
If tearful, I must surely be in grief
For lack of lovers or of fringed robes.
Another amethyst will surely bring
The joy back to my face: for, since I am
A woman, all my heart's necessity
Must be in silly splendors such as these!
But, look now, you shall see to-night,
I'll set my foolish fears aside,
And let my Roman lover, kneeling here,
Say all he wishes of my eyes and hair,
And of my hands that wear the jewels he
Has given. Who'll say that on my cheek to-day
The hot tears fell? Who'll say that while I stand
And seem to gaze upon him, that I see
A vision only, and beyond his form;
A vision, too, of distant, happy lands,
Where long, swift rivers pour their currents deep
Into the rocky-prisoned seas; and where
The pines—hush! do I hear them?—stand aloft,
And clash and shiver in the autumn wind.

Were I the statue on yon temple, then
Methinks, though very marble, I would cry,
Would shrill forth such a long and piercing cry,
That even the Roman populace would hear,
And give attention, and would say of me,
"The girl is earnest," and would surely know
A woman has a soul for something more
Than silly laughter and her jewelry.
O, that I could be yon statue, goddess-like!
The quiet eyes, and mouth that will not change,
Tell to us surely how the sculptor wrought
In reverence the beauty of her form.
Her face looks steadfastly upon the heaven
While we, the foolish, crowd and pass below;
Upon her brow dwell dignity and pride,
And silent scorn of weakness. Heaven-deep
The wisdom that her solemn eyelids hold.
And I who stand in the broad noon to see
Her marvelous beauty and forget my hate
Of the small world I live in, find my thought
Grown larger, and a worshipful
Sweet sense of peace and longing satisfied
Stays with me, like her presence at my side.

Clara Bartling, '78.

RENAISSANCE.

I saw the black clouds fiercely driven
Across a leaden, wintry sky;
And all the land lay dark and fearful,
The spirit of the storm was nigh.

The thin old streams seemed full of terror,
They crept like guilty things away;
Beneath their banks of dying herbage.
Dead myriads of the summer lay.

The saplings of the forest trembled;
The great trees stood unmoved as rock;
And all the land lay dark and silent,
Awaiting dumb the threatened shock.

It came. The wind swept on in fury,
And fierce and keen the lightnings flashed;
The mountains wrapped their heads in vapors,
And loud the rolling thunders crashed.

The whelming rain floods fell in torrents,
The beating hail came thick and fast,

The thin old streams swelled into rivers,
The forests bowed beneath the blast.

The wasted banks of dying herbage,
And strong banks standing clean and free,
Were lifted by the yellow torrent,
Then swept out swiftly towards the sea.

And when the storm had spent its fury,
There, numbed and beaten, lay the land ;
And far and wide was desolation
Of new and old, on every hand.

Alas, I thought, what woful ruin !
Fair fields, brave cliffs, and woods all scarred ;
Old sober Autumn's plaintive quiet
By wintry storms disturbed and marred.

But then, the voice of Reason answered,
For Nature's plan you have no thought ;
You love too well the Autumn quiet,
Its peace, of dying glories wrought.

The storms of Winter tear from Autumn
Dead forms and dying glories bright ;
And some of good and fair must suffer,
That Spring may come with life and light.

Jane Barry, '81.

BESIDE THE CAMP-FIRE.

I WATCHED beside the embers
Far in the chilly night;
And well my heart remembers
That flickering, dying light;
The spire of smoke ascending
White from the embers red,
And in the night-wind bending
And drifting overhead.

The stars like steel points glisten,
The trees stand grimly by,
And there I lie and listen
And watch the camp-fire die.
Then all is chill and lonely,
No sound in the forest great
But the sigh of the night-wind only;
And the hour is cold and late.

And I think how foolish is loving,
How lightly is kindled its spark,
To blaze with the breeze's moving,
And fade in the midnight dark:

The warmer the heat of its glowing
The quicker its glowing shall die;
Love lingers an hour in his going
Then passes forgetfully by.

The winds in the valley are rushing,
And nearer their trampling feet
Up the cañon are coming, and crushing
Dead leaves in their march so fleet.
Their keen breath shivers through me;
A chill to my heart it sends,
For it seems to whisper to me,
"Cold are the hearts of thy friends;
Love beckons but to undo thee,
And the truest of friendship ends."

But the winds rush on, and the ashes
Are blown by the hurrying host,
As onward the night-wind dashes
In the depths of the forest lost;
But deep in the ashes hidden
To smoldering coals it came,
And lo, by its long blast bidden,
They glow and leap in flame!

The cold wind has passed o'er me,
And soon the trees are still;

But the camp-fire glows before me,
And my heart is no longer chill.
And I sleep until daylight streaming
And lighting the forest afar,
Finds the camp-fire still faithfully gleaming
Out-watching the pale morning star.

J. C. Shinn, '83.

BERKELEY FOG.

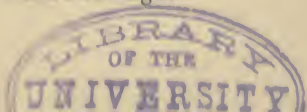
THE Berkeley hills are beautiful,
But slowly creeps the mist,
And covers all their golden sides,
That late the sun has kissed.

We murmur at the dreary pall,
Nor dream that it may be
Something begun in centuries dead,
A message from the sea.

The ocean loves the Berkeley hills,
For once, long years ago,
His waters laved their gentle slopes,
With restless ebb and flow.

His true old heart cannot forget
The hills he loved so well,
And so he sends a messenger,
His constant love to tell.

Clad all in gray this messenger,
Save when the moon's soft light



Lends to his wings a silver hue
That brightens all the night.

He gently flies and whispers low;
Silent his voice to men;
But well the hills know what he says,
And welcome him again.

Seddie E. Anderson, '78.

"I WILL LIFT UP MINE EYES UNTO
THE HILLS."

O HAPPY hills in living green arrayed;
O fair round hills with wild flowers overspread;
Returning the sun's smile, or flecked with shade
Of fleecy clouds that slowly sail o'erhead—
Who, lifting up to you his tired eyes,
Feels not his sad discouragement give way?
The joyful beauty of your cheerfulness
Has given him courage for another day.

O quiet hills in brown and sober dress,
Outlined against the faint blue evening sky,
Serene you stand, and calm and passionless,
While round you sunset colors softly die.
Who, looking on your silent majesty,
Feels not his soul with tender memories fill;
While the wild tumult of his throbbing heart
Is silenced by your voiceless, "Peace, be still"?
Marcia S. Day, '83.

THE MASTER.

A GROUP of careless children
Were busily at play,
When by their narrow dwelling
The Master paused that day

They looked up to his deep eyes
And lighted forehead clear ;
The toys slipped from their fingers,
And wondering they drew near.

They felt his look of kindness,
They touched his garment's hem,
And heard in unknown music
His gentle words to them.

They answered his sweet questioning
In broken speech and low,
But caught such words of wisdom
As childish hearts might know.

He said no word of parting,
But only kindly cheer ;

Then down the ringing pathway
His measured step they hear,

With echo down the pathway,
And rustle through the wood;
But they scarce knew when he left them,
So worship-rapt they stood.

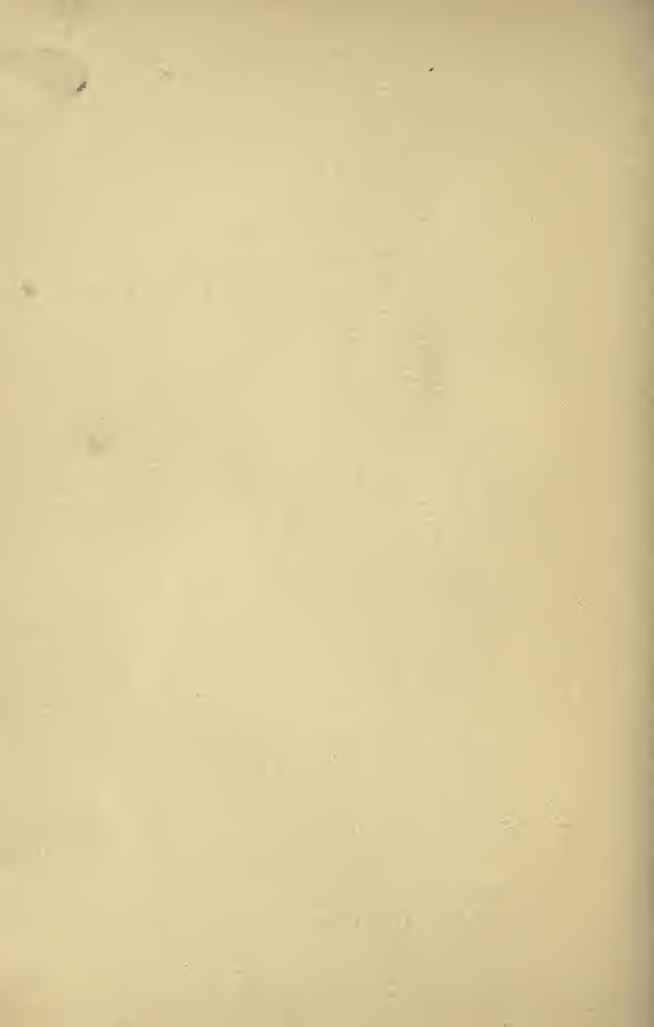
Now closer from their seeing
The great trees close him round;
They hush their hearts, to lose not
The dying footsteps' sound.

They know him gone forever,
His way they may not trace,
Except in dreams shall see not
That beautiful, sad face;

But still, their own feet checking,
They softly walking go,
And still they hush their wild hearts
To beating soft and low,

For farther yet and farther
The dear sound dies away,
And even, perhaps, that echo
They may not keep away.

Annie H. Shinn, '78.



IN LYRIC MOOD.

IN LYRIC MOOD.

AT SUNSET.

AT sunset, hark, a low deep sound
Is borne across the placid bay,
And through the hills, and far around
In echoes faint, it dies away.

A boom—the sunset gun
Is fired; the day is done;
The purple shadows coming on
Are deepening in the west.

And homeward turns each white spread sail,
As flies a wild bird to its nest;
The stir of day on hill, in vale,
In busy city, thronged and pressed,
Is dying with the light.
The last rays linger bright
On far-off clouds, and holy night
Descends, with welcome rest.

Jane Barry, '81.

SUMMER NIGHT.

THE vast half-sphere of plain and sky
 Brims full with pallid light ;
Moon-whitened all the grain-fields lie,
 Like seas grown still with night ;
And scattered houses, far and nigh,
 Among their trees gleam white.
O, warmly does the night infold
The earth, caressed with showers of gold.
 And yet, not so, sweet night,
 Not so I long for thee,
 Not so come thou to me.

Come, mighty shade, till earth might be
 Alone in primal space,
Till I lie drowned beneath a sea
 That upward from my face
Goes on and on unendingly,
 Nor hints of time or place ;
Till I might think that o'er my eyes,
Close shut, the earth forever lies.
 So longs my soul for thee,
 O, so, I pray, sweet night,
 So come thou unto me.

Milicent Washburn Shinn, '79.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

I SAID to myself as the world turned round,
Turned over and over like a man in bed:
I will git up and git, I will leave the ground,
I'll lift myself up by the hair of my head,
By the marvelous hair of my head, or the strength
Of a song that's as strong and of greater length.

Yea, out of my boots like a sky-rocket; yea,
Up out of the Sun-land I'll shoot as I sing;
And then I will kiss my strong hand to the day,
And drink of the sun as drinking gin-sling,
Till Europe rolls under me, then in the nick
Of time I'll stop singing and drop like a stick.

Roscoe Havens, '79.

DESPONDENCY

THE daylight wanes; across the panes
A fiery glow is cast;
It pales away—and so the day
Is done at last!
O that my life, so full of strife,
Might burn into its west;
Might pale away as did the day,
And find its rest!

O tender Night, in brooding light
Thy shadowy garments fall;
Let me forget that morning yet
Will break thy blessed thrall
Thou art not cold! Dread shade, to fold
Me close thou comest now.
O, hide me far in some dim star
On thy dark brow!

How sweet to die, as thus I lie
Close to thy breast!
Never to see—never to be—
This is the best.

Wake not to weep; only to sleep
Forever so!
Gone is the pain from my clear brain.
Night, must thou go?

Still must I live? Still must I give
Myself to the world, not the grave?
Ho! In the east the day is released—
I will be brave!

Musidore Rowntree, '78.

CHANGE.

A CLEAR, rosy flush on the hill-tops,
Soft shadows on woodland and mere;
Come, lark, it is time you were singing,
For morning, bright morning, is here.

And Love cometh in with the morning,
Dear Love, with the dew on his feet;
The lilies are blooming around him,
His breath, as the rosebuds, is sweet.

O, talk not to me of the shadows,
For daylight is bright overhead,
And sunbeams are dancing down madly
On the path I am fated to tread.

O lark, sing his praises still louder!
O, may morning never be done!
Life is a dream in the sunlight,
And Fate and Love are as one.

* * * * *

A dull, leaden light on the hill-sides,
Black shadows on woodland and mere!

O nightingale, moan from the copses
For night-fall, dark night-fall, is here.

And Death cometh sad with the night-fall,
All muffled and solemn his tread,
And scattereth myrtle and cypress ;
For Love, at night-fall, is dead.

O, talk not to me of the sunlight :
Deep shadows lie long on the sod,
And clouds gather faster and faster,
Behind, on the path I have trod.

Make moaning, O nightingale, louder !
For night-fall will never be done.
Life is a dream in the darkness,
And Fate and Death are as one.

"Gath," '75.

LIGHT AND SHADE.

O WHEN the day was warm and bright,
And clearest blue the sky,
If but a tiny cloud did pass
Across the sun's face, on the grass
A shadow deep would lie ;
And dark and chill the day seemed grown
Until the little cloud had gone.

But when the sky was full of clouds
That hid the sun all day,
If but one beam of sweet sunlight
Burst through the cloud, O, passing bright
All seemed from that one ray ;
And the glad earth looked up in bliss
To meet the sunshine's cheering kiss.

Marcia S. Day, '83.

NIGHT.

'Tis night !

See yon cloudlet adrift

With the stars and the moonbeams at play:

So gentle its kiss on the brow of the cliff,

So sweet its temptation to stray,

That I follow its flight far away

In the night.

Sweet night !

When each long silver beam

Steals down through the branches to me,

And the zephyr plays over the stream

With its low rippling murmur of glee.

O, why do I linger with thee,

Mystic night?

Silent night !

Like a passionate dream,

The stillness steals over the soul;

Wild longings, fond memories teem,

As thy silvery curtains unroll;

Speak, speak, and this mystery roll

From the night !

D. S. Richardson, '74.

WIND AND WAVE.

How the wind sweeps through the trees!
But he cares not there to revel,
He will seek the placid level
Of the sea that lies beyond;
Here he knows a song to sing
That will rouse the sleeping king.

O, the wind disdains the land,
For his playmate is the ocean;
He can set the waves in motion,
He can stir the mighty main;
And the song of wind and wave,
Is the requiem of the brave.

Wind and water wake the chorus,
Till the sea-birds stop to listen;
Where the curling white-caps glisten
There is music grand and wild;
Kindred spirits are the twain,
Wild and gleeful is their strain!

Seddie E. Anderson, '78.

DIE STERNLEIN.

(From the German of Arndt.)

THE sun, he started to ride off anew,
Round the world.
And the little stars said, "Let us go too
Round the world."

And the sun, he scolded them: "You stay at home,
I shall burn out your little gold eyes if you come
On my fiery ride round the world."

The little stars went to the dear moon too,
In the night!

"O, Queen of the clouds, may we wander with you,
In the night?"

Let us go with you, for your milder glow
Will never burn out our eyes if we go."

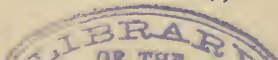
So she took them, her comrades at night.

Now welcome, dear moon, and little stars too,
In the night.

What dwells in the heart is well known unto you,
In the night.

Come, kindle your heavenly lights on the way,
That gladly with you I may wander and play
In kindly pleasures of night.

Milicent Washburn Shinn, '79.



GRATITUDE.

Down among the reeds and rushes
By the rippling stream,
Guarded o'er by larks and thrushes,
Shaded from the sun's bright beam,
Sat I in the amber sunlight,
With the shadows of the trees
Changing places with the soft light
Of the sun upon the meadow.
Like the droning of the bees,
Soft the sounds went up about me,
Filling heart and soul and sense—
Which were lonely, sad, and drear—
With a happy recompense,
Casting out and conquering fear.

When I look about me calmly,
In the morn of God's bright day,
And behold the beauties shining—
Blessings cast along our way—
Looking in the bright blue wave,
On the hill, the vale, the sea,
Can I pay ingratitude
For such goodness shown to me?

AFTER SUNSET.

FROM my open western window
Faintly gleams the opal sky;
All the fire and all the passion,
All the clouds in curious fashion,
Long passed by.

In the heavens a sacred silence—
Everywhere a rapture falls;
If the sunset glories given
Were the opening gates of heaven
These were then the outer walls.

These pale lines on lines of color,
Every moment growing dim,
Walls of pearl in golden setting,
Amethyst in silver fretting,
To the heavens' very rim,

Gleams of topaz and of sapphire,
Walls of jasper, mighty, strong,
Walls of delicatest shading,
Growing indistinct and fading
As the moments wear along.

Faded now the heavenly ramparts,
Where the sunset portals ope,
Faded from my mortal vision
Walls that guard those seas Elysian,
The anchorage of hope.

Westward glows the star of even,
Shining on a world asleep;
And the skies in very seeming,
Distant, grand, are brooding, dreaming
In one amethystine sweep.

But I know this heavenly vision
I have not beheld in vain:
There shall be some place and time
When my soul in heights sublime
Shall behold those walls again.

Musidore Rowntree, '78.

PROVEN.

I HAVE wandered, O Love, in your pathways,
I have rambled the length of the land,
I have drunk of your bright, bubbling fountains,
I have plucked your fair fruits with my hand,

I have stood in your rose-shaded grottoes,
I have knelt, with full heart, at your shrine,
I have said, of your rich, varied blessings,
Some surely, O Love, must be mine.

From your garden there comes an aroma
As fragrant as spice-laden ships;
But its fruits are as Dead Sea apples,
To ashes they turn on my lips:

And down in your rose-hid recesses
The shadows are black as a pall;
And your fountains are waters of Marah—
Bitter, yea, bitter as gall.

I have worshiped and knelt at your altars
Till the best of my life is undone,

And of all of your boasted, great blessings,
I have got me no good thing, not one.

You are fair, O Love, but how fickle!
I will hide me away from your sight;
I will gird me in sackcloth, despairing,
And mourn to the desolate night.

Lulu Medbery, '80.

DREAMS AND REALITY.

“WRITE me a letter, love,” he said,
“Each night before that darling head
Sinks on its guileless pillow;
And, as I burn the midnight oil,
Your words will gild and lighten toil
As dawning gilds the billow.”

Dear girl! Her fancy nightly drew
Pictures of care the student knew:
The dreary room he sat in;
His aching brow; his pallid cheek;
She shuddered as she thought of Greek,
And all that “horrid Latin.”

And, “O my love! You’ll surely kill
Yourself,” she wrote; “I know you will;
You’re far, far too ambitious”;
And then bewailed, in piteous plaint,
Her own sad state in such event,
And signed, “Your darling precious.”

That night—I mean at four A. M.—
With wavering steps the student came,
 A brief hour's rest to borrow;
He bound his head with towels wet,
He smoked a final cigarette,
And sighed, "'Twas jolly!—but you bet
 I'll have to flunk to-morrow!"

F. W. Henshaw, '79.

THE BLUE-BELL.

A RANKSOME weed above her bendeth,
That all day long a shadow sendeth
Close o'er her fragile head;
The sun on her no noon-ray throweth,
The weed's deep shade alone she knoweth—
She is so shelteréd!

But all the night a heaven bluer
Than noon-day sky leans down to woo her—
Her that the sun forgot!
And so for all the rough weed's willing,
A deeper blue her heart is filling—
Color that paleth not.

Clara Bartling, '78.

A CYCLE.

I.

SPRING-TIME—is it spring-time?
Why, as I remember spring,
Almonds bloom and blackbirds sing;
Such a shower of tinted petals drifting to the clovery
floor,
Such a multitudinous rapture raining from the sycamore;
And among the orchard trees—
Acres musical with bees—
Moans a wild dove, making silence seem more silent
than before.

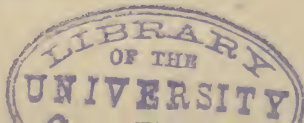
Yes, that is the blackbird's note,
Almond petals are afloat;
But I had not heard nor seen them, for my heart was
far away.
Birds and bees and fragrant orchards—ah! they cannot
bring the May:
For the human presence only,
That has left my ways so lonely,
Ever can bring back the spring-time to my autumn of
to-day.

II.

Autumn—is it autumn?
I remember autumn yields
Dusty roads and stubble-fields;
Weary hills, no longer rippled o'er their wind-swept
slopes with grain;
Trees all gray with dust that gathers ever thicker till
the rain;
And where noisy waters drove
Downward from the heights above,
Only bare white channels wander stonily across the
plain.

Yes, I see the hills are dry,
Stubble-fields about me lie.
What care I when in the channels of my life once
more I see
Sweetest founts long sealed and sunken bursting up-
ward glad and free?
Hills may parch or laugh in greenness,
Sky be sadness or sereneness,
Thou my life, my best beloved, all my spring-time
comes with thee.

Milicent Washburn Shinn, '79.



ENTER JUNE.

MAY goes out in gentle fashion—
Maiden month untouched of passion.
Enter June the balmy, breezy
Queen, with stately step and easy;
Brow that brown is as her berries;
Cheeks the crimson of her cherries;
On her lips that thrill or fret us
All the honey of Hymettus.
June that makes the bird's note clearer,
Moonlight, starlight, brighter, nearer,
Bringing in her rosy train
All delicious things again—
Grace that winter was forlorn of,
Beauty heart the coldest warms to;
Buds of vines and branches, born of
April's tears, of May's soft laughing,
She with magic touch transforms to
Cups of nectar for our quaffing.
Enter June—the rosy, ruddy!
Come and respite bring from study:—
Send the home-sick Freshie off,
And relieve us of the Soph.;

Give the Jun. a rest; the Sen.
Launch with all his laurels green.
Put the volume on the shelf;
Teach me only of yourself.
Underneath your glowing skies,
Lull me with your lullabies.
But let not your tongue relinquish
One dear accent of your English:
In the tender words you speak
Be no syllable of Greek;
From your lips as soft as satin
Not a single hint of Latin.
Then my muse, I trust, will sing you
Fairest flatteries will bring you—
June, the neatest, sweetest, meetest
Month, of all the months completest.

F. W. Henshaw, '79.

SEA-BIRD.

SEA-BIRD, on thy broad, white pinions,
Wherefore dost thou sadly cry?
Beating out with vain complainings
All thy strength against the sky;

Spurning all the sandy reaches
Where the sunlight warmly falls ;
Scorning all the cool, gray beaches;
Wheeling swift o'er high cliff walls.

Now I see thee, flying fleetly,
Where a white sail seaward lies,
Where the billows rise to meet thee,
Echoing back thy lonely cries;

And I watch thy restless motion
Far into the filmy blue,
Till commingled sky and ocean
Hide thee from my present view.

But again upon the morrow,
Where white surf-lines long waves crown

Thou wilt wail anew thy sorrow,
Wandering restless up and down.

Though the light fall in a glory
On the sea from cloudless sky;
Though the storm rise dark and hoary—
And the white-caps ride on high;

Bird, thy white wings weary never,
Bearing on thy restless form,
And thy voice is calling ever,
Through the evening, through the morn.

Art thou haunted by the spirit
Of a restless human life?
Dost thou, too, with man, inherit
Baseless hopes and endless strife?

Jane Barry, '81.

OFF SHORE.

THE day has died
 Off shore, off sea.
Idly I ride
On the purple tide,
 Setting away from me.

Setting away
 From the gleaming sands,
Toward the vanished day,
And the mountains gray,
 And dim, mysterious lands.

The fainting light
 In the tender west,
The rose flush bright,
The still delight,
 The joyful rest,
All, all are mine.
 I live in the glow,
 In the rhythmical flow,
Of a silence divine!

Still as I dream

O might I glide—
Drift with the stream
Toward day's last gleam
On the ebbing tide!
There on the infinite ocean
The billows in mighty motion
Are one anthem of devotion

Unto him.

From the golden sea-sands shifting,
On the golden sea-tide drifting,
Go I to those billows lifting
Their grand heads in distance dim—
To those clouds in glory rifting
On the ocean's westward rim.

And my cheek is never paling
At the thought of such far sailing,
And with courage never failing
I shall reach that distant sea.
There, where last the sun was shining,
One broad golden ray defining,
I'll find the day in its declining,
And it never more shall flee;
For my soul, with sea combining,
Shall be offered up to Thee,

Holding in its earnest thrall
The love, the essence, and the all—
The twilight of a glorious day
That faded from the world away.

Musidore Rowntree, '78.

MORO ROCK.

(SAN LUIS OBISPO COUNTY.)

GLAD were the winds that blew
My blossom-like canoe,
That sang the waters through,
In placid Moro Bay—
The dreamy cove that lay
Behind the fortress gray
Of still and stately Moro.

Sad was the inland view:
Broad reach of muddy slough,
Brown hills where nothing grew--
A world that seemed to say,
"Our life is gone away
Into that steady gray,
Grim, living strength of Moro!"

Grand was the outer sight:
An ocean foamy white,
Storming in deadly might,

The narrow portal place ;
Under the awful gaze
Sent through the misty haze
By sleepless, watchful Moro.

Lean back, and watch the slow
Mast-motion to and fro,
And hear the waters flow
In happy, devious ways ;
Your eyes in half a daze,
While mellow sunlight plays
On chequer-fronted Moro.

Dream thou of stranded ships,
Moons lost in dumb eclipse,
Or false or parted lips ;
This is the place for these
Soul-haunting memories—
Here in the guarded seas
Of secret-keeping Moro.

Know thou, that thou mayst drift,
Or else, with sail uplift,
Speed on in motion swift ;

But still across all moods
One shape the same intrudes;—
Above each fancy broods
The somber crag of Moro.

So drift and dream, and hear
Soul-forces drawing near—
Strong lessons meant to cheer:
The granite master braves
The white blows of the waves,
And all weak things are slaves
To hearts held steady, Moro!

Charles H. Shinn, '74.

THE PEASANT CHILDREN.

MUSING at a castle-window
In the heat of summer-noon,
What strange pity drew my musings
 From the sky,
From the promise-gladdened harvests
 Waving high,
To a little sigh of summer,
 Borne upon a languid wind,
That some flitting fairy comer
 Broken-hearted, left behind?
For the sigh went through my musings
 Changing all the scene to me,
As a minor chord will alter
 All the joy of major key.
And I watched the peasant children,
 On whose faces tears had been ;
And the hunger-lines were staying,
 Even now while they were playing,
But for want of care and comfort
 Finding little joy therein.
And their pitiful distress
Mocked their seeming happiness,

Playing there,
In among the grassy places,
With their hair
Blown from off their sun-burned faces.

Clara Bartling, '78.

THE DARK HOUR.

It is dark, aye so dark,
 Though the moon is on high,
And the clouds are all swept from
 The star-studded sky.

It is dark, aye so dark,
 And all still seems the vale;
But I hear from the pine woods
 The wind's dismal wail.

It is dark, aye so dark,
 For a life's thread is broken,
And I mourn with a mourning
 That may not be spoken.

It is dark, aye so dark,
 But there must come a breaking;
For there is no such thing as a God
 Man-forsaking.

It is dark, aye so dark,
 But the night cannot last;

For the life of a man is not all
In the past.

It will break, it will break,
For my hope is not gone,
There will come, there *must* come,
As to every night, dawn.

Herman Dwinelle, '78.

THE WURMLINGEN CHAPEL.

(From the German of Lenau.)

AIRY as a light canoe

On a green wave's rounded line,
Poises, outlined in the blue,
On a hill, a chapel shrine.

Once, at twilight waning dim,
Through its vacant aisles I stole,
Sacred song and vesper hymn
Whispered dreamlike to my soul.

And the mother's picture there
On the altar seemed to gaze,
Seemed in sorrow, saintly fair,
Pondering o'er the ancient days.

Redly comes the morning sun,
Fondly falls the evening ray,
O'er the pictured sorrowing one;
Human feet here seldom stray.

Gently here a secret power
Held my thoughts in magic thrall;

'Twas as if, at that lone hour,
Benediction fell o'er all.

Warmly bright the sunlight laves
Chancel, wall, and time-worn floor;
And the hosts of grass-grown graves
Silent lie forevermore.

Peace of Autumn dwells in love
Where those graves forgotten lie;
Yonder in the blue above
Summer wild-birds southward fly.

Slumber, silence, evermore!
Many a mound is sunken deep,
And the crosses topple o'er
Nameless graves long lost in sleep;

And the trees, at evening mild,
Scatter leaves upon them all,
As a tired, sleep-worn child
Softly lets its loved toys fall.

Here is all my earthly pain
As a mist-cloud swept away;
Here sweet Death in slumbrous chain
Holds the soul beneath its sway.

Jane Barry, '81.

A FLOWER IN A LETTER.

STRANGE that this poor shriveled thing
Came from all that wealth of spring—
From her garden loud with bees,
Pink and purple with sweet-peas!
That from all that warmth and brightness,
Red of rose and lilies' whiteness,
This was sent, a very part
Of the garden's fragrant heart—
Wan and lifeless though it be
Ere this letter reaches me!

Ah, my friends! these songs I write—
Could you know from out what light,
Warmth of love and wishes glowing,
All a wild heart's eager growing,
I have tried to send a part,
Bright with love, from heart to heart!
Long the way: my blossoms, too,
Wan and lifeless come to you.

Milicent Washburn Shinn, '79.









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